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THE
CARDINAL FLOWER,
AND
OTHER TALES.

BY

JOSEPH ALDEN, D. D.,
AUTHOR OF THE "LIGHT-HEARTED GIRL."

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THE following is the second of a series of volumes, of which "THE LIGHT-HEARTED GIRL" was the first. A third volume will appear soon.

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THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

By JOHN STOW.
The first Edition, 1597.
The second Edition, 1618.
The third Edition, 1633.
The fourth Edition, 1687.
The fifth Edition, 1709.
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THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

HAVE you seen the scarlet flower called the *cardinal* flower? If you have not, you have not seen the most brilliant wild flower which is found in the Northern States. It commonly grows in meadows by the water-courses, and lifts its brilliant head above the grass: even its growth is most luxuriant.

A small brook ran through Mr. Marston's meadow. In some places its banks were fringed with the cardinal flower, which is in full bloom just about mowing-time.

Little Henry went with his father to the meadow, to see him and his workmen mow. He followed the mowers, taking care to keep out of the way, and watched the tall grass as it fell prostrate before the regular, time-keeping strokes of the scythe.

By and by he grew weary of this, and asked his father if there was not something he could do. His father told him that, as soon as the dew was off, he might spread the mown grass evenly over the ground, that it might be dried into hay; so he got the pitchfork, and waited impatiently for the time to come. He then found that the pitchfork was too heavy a tool for him to work with: indeed, the handle was so large that he could hardly grasp it with his little fingers sufficiently to hold it. He began to cry.

"What's the matter, my boy?" said one of the men.

"The pitchfork is so big that I can't work with it."

"I thought boys always liked big things," said the man.

"There is no need of your working," said his father.

"I wish to work: it is wearisome to have nothing to do," replied Henry.

"I always says," said another of the mowers, who was quite old and weather-beaten, and who had never been to school

in his youth, as the reader would infer from his language, — “I always says, Let them work what wants to. Most children is lazy dogs, and when one wants to work, let him. There is some hope of him, that he will be a man. The boy must have something to work with.”

He went to a neighboring tree, and hung up his scythe on one of its branches.

“Here, youngster, don’t you touch that, or you may smell a north-wester.”

“Come, Fish,” said one to him, “keep on mowing. Bos wants to get this done before noon.”

“Can’t help it. This shaver must have a tool.”

Mr. Marston said nothing, knowing, from experience, that Fish must have his own way. That way was sometimes to be idle for an hour or two in the midst of the most pressing work, and sometimes to work till an hour or two after sunset, or to begin a couple of hours before day. Let him have his own way, and he would do more work in the course of a week than any other man that could be hired.

Fish stood still for some time, with his lips thrust out, and his eyes fixed on nothing, "considering," as he called it. He then put his hand in his pocket, and brought out an enormous steel tobacco-box, and a jackknife to match.

Henry stood by, watching his motions with great interest.

"Here, younker, hold that!" said he, handing him his knife.

Henry took it rather reluctantly, because it smelt so strong of tobacco, which he thought (like most sensible boys) smelt worse than brimstone.

Fish then discharged an enormous black ball from his mouth, and, opening his box, filled his mouth with the materials for another one; he then closed the box with a snap half as loud as the report of a fowling-piece, dropped it into his pocket, shook himself, that it might descend to the bottom, seized the knife, and started for a neighboring wood.

In a few minutes he returned with a forked stick, which Henry saw was just the thing for him to spread hay with.

“O, that’s good,” said he: “let me have it!”

“You get out,” growled Fish: “what do you know?”

He then sat down in the shade, and spent nearly an hour in working at the stick, till it resembled a piece of cabinet furniture in smoothness and polish.

“There, work now;” tossing it to Henry.

“Thank you, sir, I will;” and he went to throwing the grass about with great spirit.

Would the reader like to know why this old man took so much pains to make a nice fork for Henry? He pretended it was because he wanted to see the boy work; but really, it was because he liked Henry.

Henry was brought up to be polite to every body. He always said “Sir,” and “Mr.,” to every body, to Fish as well as to any body else. Other boys used to call him “Old Fish,” and would have laughed at Henry if they had heard him say, “Thank you, *sir*,” to him. But Henry believed that all men were born free and equal, and that all were to be treated with politeness. Now, Fish noticed this in Henry, and he liked him for it. It

led him to make the fork for him, and afterwards to do a great many things to please him. Reader, you will never lose any thing by being respectful, and polite, and kind, even to the poorest and most friendless.

But that is not *the* reason why you should act thus. *The* reason is, that God would have you act so.

Fish then took his scythe down from the tree.

“ You a’n’t going to mowing, are you ? ” said one of the men.

“ I have some thoughts on it.”

They had just begun a very long swath. Fish stood “ considering ” till they had mown half way across the meadow, when he put in his scythe full length. They saw him coming, and put on with all their strength ; but he came up with them long before they reached the other side of the field, mowed round, went through, and began again, and kept on in that manner till noon. Mr. Marston judged he had cut about as much again grass as any other man on the ground.

Henry kept on spreading the grass for

some time ; but the sun grew very hot, and he grew tired, and his father advised him to rest. He then spied the cardinal flowers by the watercourse which I have mentioned, and he asked his father's permission to go and gather some ; but his father told him to wait till to-morrow, when they would mow the grass where they stood. The grass was very thick and tall, and his going into it would tread it down, and increase the labor of mowing. Besides, there were several miry places near where the flowers grew, and as the grass grew over them, he might get covered with mud.

Henry did not like to wait till the morrow. Like most boys, when there is a tempting object in view, he was impatient of delay.

"I want them to-day," thought he ; "may be they will have faded by to-morrow ; I may want to go somewhere else to-morrow ; it may rain to-morrow ;" and he went on thinking in this way till he got himself crying.

The father, knowing that a red flower was a great thing in the eyes of a boy, good-

naturedly went himself, and picked some of those that grew nearest, and gave them to Henry. Henry said, "Thank you, sir," rather faintly. What with being tired and disappointed, he had got himself into rather a bad humor. He said to himself, when his father was out of hearing, "I wanted to pick them myself; these are not big ones; I wanted the big ones. I always like big things, and I will have them!"

When boys will have big things, they are very apt to be sorry for it; such things are very apt to turn out like the boy's big apple. Some apples were to be divided among some children, and he would have the big one. It had a fair outside, but inside it was all decayed. He could not eat a mouthful of it. I am always sorry for a boy when I see him not content unless he can have big things.

But my story relates to Henry. He kept looking at the tall flowers that were standing in the grass; and the more he looked at them, the more he wanted them; and the more he wanted them, the more he wanted to disobey his father. We must always

turn away from the sight of the forbidden fruit, if we don't wish to be tempted.

Mr. Marston was now at the farthest part of the meadow. Henry said to himself, "I don't believe but that I can go through the grass so carefully as not to tread it down; and then there can be no harm done. I'll try: may be I can make so few tracks, that father will never know it."

How much mischief has the thought, "*He will never know it,*" occasioned!—just as though disobedience is not as bad if it is not known!—just as though it could ever be said of God, "*He will never know it!*"

Henry started towards the flowers. 'The grass was much thicker and higher than he had supposed. It was as high as his head.

When he had gone a little way, he turned and looked round, and saw that he had made a path in the grass as plain as if a cow had been through it. This would never do. Then he thought, he had gone so far, he might as well go through. "If I don't," thought he, "I shall have trod down the grass for nothing. It won't be *much worse.*"

That is the kind of reasoning that leads many boys on from one thing to another, till they are ruined. They have done something wrong, and they wish to do something more, and they think it won't be *much worse*, and go on till they are lost.

Henry was not a disobedient boy. It was strange that he should act as he did to-day.

"I'll go a step or two farther, to see if the grass don't grow thinner," thought he.

He went just a step or two farther, and plunged into one of the miry places his father had spoken of. He sank up to his knees in mud, so that now the top of the grass was higher than his head, and he could not see out. It was some time before he got out of the mud, and had firm footing again. He looked at his muddy clothes, and the trampled grass, and then looked towards his father. He was busy in another part of the meadow.

Something seemed to say to him, "You had better make tracks out of the grass as quick as possible!"

"What will father say?" thought Henry.

"Tell him all about it; that you did wrong, and are sorry for it," said the monitor.

"And get nothing after all this fuss and mud!"

If he had made tracks out, and told his father, all would have been well. But he would not listen to these wise whispers.

"After all I have done, I'll have the flowers at any rate," said he, resolving to think no more on the subject.

On he went, and gathered some of the largest flowers. He then thought he would go home, and keep out of sight of his father all day, and perhaps he would forget it.

He turned about, and had advanced a step or two when he felt something move under his foot. He stopped, and was looking down to see what it was, when something struck him a hard blow just below the knee. It seemed as if a stick struck him which was full of sharp, long needles.

He had trodden on a large water-snake, who had revenged himself by striking his sharp teeth into his limb, and infusing the venom of his fangs into the wound.

Henry dropped his flowers, and screamed in agony and terror. The snake left him; but he continued in the same place, jumping up and down, and screaming, till his father came, and took him in his arms, and carried him out of the grass. He examined the wound, and found that it was swelling fast. Fish came up, and gathered some plantain leaves, and chewed them, and put them on the wound, and bound them on with a handkerchief. He then took him in his arms, and set off on a walk which was almost as fast as a horse could trot.

Henry suffered great pain all that day, and the greater part of the night ensuing. The pain then left him; but he was feeble, and it was more than a week before he could go out of doors.

His father, thinking he had been punished sufficiently for his disobedience, and that he had learned a lesson that he would not be likely soon to forget, said nothing to him on the subject.

His mother knew that, unless Henry was sorry because he had done wrong, as well as sorry because he was bitten by the snake,

he would not be likely to avoid disobeying a second time. Repentance is necessary to reformation.

She was in hopes that his own reflections would lead him to repentance and to confession of his fault. She therefore often sat by his bedside with her work, without speaking to him for some time, to give him an opportunity. Henry perceived this, but he was not inclined to do what she desired.

The first remark that he made on the subject was this: "Mother, some boys disobey their parents all the time, and don't get bitten: this was almost the first time I ever disobeyed papa, and I got bitten."

Remember, reader, you are always in danger of "getting bitten" in some way when you do wrong. The sin itself will bite you in time.

Henry's mother was sorry to hear him make this remark, as it showed that he thought he had suffered more than he deserved, and of course he could not feel penitent.

"Suppose some lambs should break out

of their pasture : the shepherd goes after one as soon as he gets over the fence, and punishes it, and drives it back : he lets the others wander away into the woods, and get eaten up by the wolves. Which have the most cause to complain ? No, I don't mean that, for neither have any cause to complain, for they had no business to break out of the good pasture. But which have the most cause to be thankful ? ”

“ The little lamb that was whipped back. ”

“ Does the case apply to yourself ? ”

After some time of silence, he answered, “ Yes, ma'am, ” in a low voice.

Henry passed the rest of the morning in silence ; and now and then a tear might be seen standing in his eye.

At noon, when his papa came in, he went up to his chamber to see how his “ boy came on. ” He found him looking very sober. He asked him if he felt worse. Henry told him that he did not. His father was then about to leave the room, when Henry said, “ Father, I wish to say something to you. ”

“ What is it, my boy ? ”

"I'm glad — or thankful — that the snake bit me."

"Why so?"

"Because I think it will prevent my ever disobeying you again. I am very sorry for it: will you please forgive me?"

"Certainly, my dear boy," said his father, kissing him tenderly.

"I want you to pray that God will forgive and help me to be a good boy, and never disobey you again."

Mr. Marston kneeled down by the bedside, and offered prayer and thanksgiving for his son. He then kissed him again, and went to his work.

"I haven't felt so well since I was bitten," thought Henry.

In a few days, Henry was well, and went with his father to the meadow again. He fell behind a little when he came near the scene of his disobedience. But his father spoke to him so pleasantly, that he came up by his side again.

"Father, couldn't I take one of those flowers, and make it grow in the garden?"

"You can, if you take it up at the proper time."

“ Well, may I set one out in the garden ? ”

“ I have no objection ; but I don’t see why you are so anxious about it.”

“ I want to have it grow there to put me in mind that I must never disobey my father.”

“ You will have to wait till next spring before you can transplant it.”

“ He won’t have to wait till next spring, neither,” said a voice behind them. It was that of Fish, who had come up unobserved.

That evening, Fish took a spade and a corn basket, and went to the meadow, and took up a flower that was in full bloom. He took it up with a great ball of earth around its root, almost as large as he could get into the basket. He carried it to the garden, and set it out where Henry told him he wished to have it stand.

“ There ! ” said Fish, when he had trodden down the earth around it : “ it thinks it is growing in the meadow yet. It will never find out it has been moved.”

“ I am very much obliged to you, sir,” said Henry.

Fish twitched his face a little, and then



MILBURN DEL.



hitched up his pantaloons, and then uttered the word "welcome" with a sort of growl, which, to Henry's ear, did not sound like a cross growl.

He then started off with his usual swinging, rapid gait, which used to be called "Fish's quickstep."

The cardinal flower flourished well in its new locality, and for a long time reminded Henry, every time he saw it, of his obligation to obey his parents.



THE THUNDER-STORM.

LITTLE GEORGE was about seven years old when his mother died. She had taught him the fear of the Lord; and so carefully had he treasured up her instructions and advice, that it almost seemed to him as if at times she was present to direct his conduct. When he was in doubt as to what he ought to do in any case, he always recollected something that his mother had said to him, that would be applicable, and would guide him aright. George was very glad that he had paid good attention to his mother's teachings while she was with him. I have seen children who, if they were to lose their mother, would feel very unhappy because they were so heedless and inattentive to what she was very desirous of impressing upon their minds.

Some time after his mother's death Mr. and Mrs. Bayley sent for George to come and spend a few days at their house. They were very kind-hearted people, and wished to make him happy. Their family consisted of a little boy about George's age, and one little girl, a little older, and another a little younger. The boy was named Daniel, the oldest girl Elizabeth, and the youngest Laura.

George's papa asked him if he wished to go, and he told him he did, on the whole. There were some reasons why he wished to go, and some why he did not wish to go. He was lonesome, for he was an only child, and desired to go for the sake of the society he should meet at Mr. Bayley's. On the other hand, he disliked to sleep any where except in his mother's chamber. It seemed to him as though she was still bending over him as he kneeled by his little bedside, to say his prayers. It was almost like meeting with her. This feeling was wanting if he was in any other place; and the pleasure and profit of this feeling he was unwilling to forego.

On the whole, however, he concluded he

would go to Mr. Bayley's, if his father thought best. His father told him he thought he had better go. He thought that he needed the society of those of his own age. It was a great trial to him to part with his boy even for a day or two. When he was gone, his house seemed perfectly lonely and desolate.

It was early in the afternoon when George went to Mr. Bayley's. Mrs. Bayley received him very kindly, and told him to make himself entirely at home, and to ask her for every thing he wished for, "just as if she were his own mother."

George felt that this was very kind, and dropped a tear or two, partly in gratitude for her tenderness, and partly in recollection of his mother.

Elizabeth and Daniel were not pleased with this expression of sympathy, on the part of their mother, for the motherless boy. Is it not strange? Should you not think that they would have been glad to hear the tones of kindness falling on the ear of the lone boy, and waking feelings of deepest tenderness? Certainly, a pure and warm-hearted

child would have rejoiced. Would you not have been glad to see him comforted and would you not be glad to do something yourself for this purpose? I hope you would: if not, I cannot say that I think you are possessed of a feeling heart; and a heartless, unfeeling boy or girl will make an unfeeling and unhappy man or woman.

Elizabeth and Daniel felt jealous and envious. They could not bear to have their mother say to George what she would not say to them.

When they were by themselves, Elizabeth said, "I wish mother would say so to us."

"Say what?" said Daniel.

"Why, tell us to come to her for every thing we want. We are her own children."

"It would be as well for her to do as well by us as by other folks' children, I think."

"Now, just as like as not, she will keep giving him things all the time. I wish he hadn't come."

"I guess not; and if she does, we shall come in for a share."

"Come in for a share!" do you say,

when we ought to come in for the whole? It is all ours."

If she had been asked to say what she meant by *it* when she said "it is all ours," she would have been puzzled to tell; and yet her tone of voice would lead you to think her mother had given away all that belonged to her and Daniel, whereas she had only said a few kind words to a boy whose mother was in the grave. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! What great effects can be caused by a little jealousy! If you ever give way to it in the least, you will very likely be led to act just as foolishly and wickedly as Elizabeth and Daniel did.

Little Laura looked at the matter in a different light. She was glad to hear her mother speak so kindly to the visitor; and when she saw him weep, she went and took him by the hand, and asked him to come and see her things. She thought it would put the sad thoughts out of his mind. She had no idea of blaming her mother: young as she was, she understood fully the motive and character of her conduct.

Owing to the feeling which we have noticed, Elizabeth and Daniel were not disposed to pay George much attention at first, and Laura had him all to herself. She and George got greatly engaged in their play, and at length Elizabeth and Daniel felt so strong a desire to join them, that they concluded to smother their jealousy for a time, and content themselves with watching their mother very closely, that they might detect her if she should be guilty of bestowing any thing upon George which was due to them.

I wish you would tell your mamma what you think of such conduct, and what commandment of God was manifestly broken.

"Come, let us go to the grove," said Daniel.

"Don't go," said Laura: "let us keep on playing this."

"You be still, or I'll make mother call you into the house," said Elizabeth.

This silenced Laura. Her experience had taught her that it was not best to cross her sister's wishes.

George thought the expression, "I'll make

mother," was a very strange one for a child to make use of; but he said nothing about it. He was rather unwilling to leave his play with Laura; but his mother had taught him to yield to the wishes of others, when he could do so without transgressing the rule of right. She had also taught him never to yield to the wishes of any body, if it would lead him to do wrong.

He signified his willingness to go to the grove, but asked, "Mustn't we ask your mother first?"

"What for? What's the use of asking her? We don't ask leave for every thing here, as they do in some places. You will find there is some comfort in living here."

Here was another strange thing for George! Daniel's idea of comfort or happiness was, that it consisted in being able to act according to his own will. George had never attained to the idea that freedom from wise and wholesome control was necessary to happiness. If you had told him that it was, he would not have believed you; for it was contrary to his experience. He would tell you he had always been happy while his

mother lived, and yet he had always been restrained by her counsels and commands.

"How far is it?" said George, looking at a black cloud that lay along the western horizon.

"Not far," said Daniel: "don't be afraid; you won't get tired!"

"I was thinking that it might rain."

"No, it won't; will it, Lizzy?"

"No, indeed."

George thought it would. He had observed before that children's opinions were commonly governed by their wishes. They were certainly so in this case. There was every appearance of a thunder-shower.

They had scarcely reached the grove, which was perhaps one third of a mile distant from the house, ere the cloud had risen and covered half the heavens. It was very dark, and made all nature look gloomy.

"We had better go back," said George; "it certainly is a-going to rain."

"There will be nothing but wind. I've seen such clouds before. You see, now!"

It was not long before he did see. Very soon there was a bright flash of lightning,

followed by a loud and long rolling of the thunder. Elizabeth started when she saw the flash, and stood still and silent till the thunder had ceased, when she exclaimed, in tones indicating a good deal of fear, "It is a-going to rain, and to thunder and lighten too. O dear! What did you make me come for?"

George could not tell what she meant by saying so, as she appeared very anxious to come. Soon there was a brighter flash, and a heavier peal of thunder. "O dear, we shall be killed! I know we shall!" and she started and ran for the house.

Daniel started after her. They both ran as fast as they could. The peals of thunder now followed each other in quick succession, and at each new one they would jump, and try to run faster. George could not help laughing to see them course as for life, springing at every thunder-clap as though it touched them.

Elizabeth was a little in advance of Daniel. Both stooped forward a good deal, as though the lightning would be less likely to hit them than if they stood up straight.

A clap heavier than any before caused her to stoop so low that she could not recover herself, and down she went. Daniel was so near her that he could neither stop nor turn aside, so he ran over her, and brought up on his nose a little beyond her. George could not help laughing heartily at the scene.

“Are you not afraid to laugh?” said Laura.

George had been so intent in watching the race, that he had forgotten Laura. He turned, looked towards her, and saw that she was very pale. “Are you not afraid to laugh?”

“No, it is not wicked to laugh; that is, if there is any thing proper to laugh at.”

“But it thunders,” said Laura, in a whisper, and with eyes almost as big as saucers.

“I know it does, and it is going to rain: we must go to the house.” He took her hand, to lead her along.

“Let us run,” said Laura.

George, to oblige her, ran for a few yards; but thinking they would have time to walk home before it began to rain, paused.

"Are you not afraid of the thunder?" said she, in astonishment at his coolness.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Why should I be afraid?"

"Of the lightning."

"It is God's lightning, and only goes where he sends it. He won't let it hit us, unless he wants to kill us; and if he wants to kill us, he can do it without lightning just as well as with it. We are always within his reach."

Laura did not fully comprehend at first what he said, but the fact that he was not afraid lessened her fear somewhat; she, however, clung very closely to him, as though there was safety in that.

When they reached the house, they found a great uproar there. Elizabeth and Daniel were both crying, from the mingled effects of fear, pain, and vexation. Elizabeth had nearly put her thumb out of joint by her fall, and Daniel had scratched the skin off from one of his cheeks by his fall. She was blaming the thunder for causing her

fall, and he was blaming her for getting under his feet.

George would have been disposed to laugh again, if he had not been shocked at the impropriety and wickedness of their behavior.

They went on with their cries and complaints in the presence of their mother, without listening to her attempt to soothe them. The blaming of the thunder seemed to George to be about the same as blaming God, whose voice it was. He began almost to be afraid that the lightning might strike such impious children.

The rain now began to descend in torrents. George wished to stand in the doorway, that he might see it fall. But Elizabeth pulled him in rudely, and slammed the door.

"Why do you wish to have the door shut?" said he.

"To keep the lightning out, you fool you!" said Elizabeth.

"He don't know enough to be afraid," said Daniel.

"Children, children, don't be rude," said Mrs. Bayley.

George thought again that he had got into a strange place.

"Mother," whispered Laura to her mother, (Laura had caught a good deal of George's composure,) "I know why George isn't afraid."

"Why?"

"Because he says it is the Lord's thunder and lightning, and that the Lord won't let it go only where he wants to have it go, and he won't let it strike us unless he wants to kill us, and if he wants to kill us, he will, whether there is any lightning or no."

A very deep color overspread Mrs. Bayley's face as she listened to the words of her child. What was there in those words to occasion such manifest emotion? They brought home to her mind the recollection of the fact, that she had suffered her children to grow up without the knowledge of God.

Suddenly a very vivid flash, followed immediately by a loud report, showed that an explosion had taken place in the immediate vicinity. Elizabeth screamed, and Daniel

stopped his ears with his fingers. "We shall be killed, I know we shall! O dear, O dear!" said Lizzy.

She looked at George with an angry expression, because he was not frightened. She then threw her apron over her head, thrust her fingers in her ears, and sat with her elbows resting on her knees till the shower was over.

When the cloud had passed, and the thunder was heard only in the far-distant south, she was relieved of her fear. "I'm thankful that I'm not killed — such horrid thunder as we do have!" said she.

George thought that her manner did not evince much thankfulness of heart. He began to feel quite low-spirited. He was sorry that he had come. The prospect of passing the night, and the whole of the next day, there, was far from pleasant. But as he turned, and saw little Laura looking at him with such a sweet, confiding expression, he felt better, and proposed to go and finish the play they were engaged in before they went to the grove. Elizabeth and Daniel did not feel disposed to play: George

and Laura were left to themselves, and they were very cheerful and happy.

When they sat down to tea, George waited to have a blessing asked, and did not begin to eat till he saw all busy around him. He looked a little amazed, and Daniel and Elizabeth noticed it. "I guess," whispered Daniel to Elizabeth, "he is not used to coming to the table."

The truth was, he was not used to eating like the heathen.

George concluded that there would be no such thing as prayers before going to bed. He asked to go to bed early. All the children slept in the same room. Elizabeth and Daniel were not disposed to go, but Laura was. Mrs. Bayley went to the chamber with them. She showed George his bed, and told him he might undress and get in while she was undressing Laura. When Laura was in bed, she turned and saw the boy standing with a perplexed countenance.

"Shall I help you in any way?" said she. George hesitated for a moment, and said, "Please, ma'am, may I pray here?"

"Yes, dear," said she, as soon as she could speak, for the question caused a rising in her throat which rendered utterance difficult.

George kneeled down and repeated the Lord's prayer. Mrs. Bayley then rose, but she found that was not all. He had not been taught a form merely. He had been taught to make known his desires to God. He went on in an extempore prayer for himself and father, for Mrs. Bayley and the children, and especially little Laura. When he had finished, he began to unrobe.

Mrs. Bayley sat on the bed, with her face covered with her hands, and the tears flowed fast. If an angel had appeared unto her, she could have been no more astonished or affected. That night sleep departed from her eyes. That night she prayed, for the first time for years.

When she had left the room, which she did not till she had imprinted on George's cheek a kiss which seemed to him like that his mother was nightly accustomed to give him with her parting blessing, George asked Laura if she was sleepy, and, on her reply-

ing that she was not, they entered into conversation.

"Don't you pray when you go to bed?"

"No."

"What's the reason?"

"Mother don't say I must."

George was silent for some time. He was puzzled. Mrs. Bayley seemed to him to be more like his mother than any one he ever saw, and yet she didn't teach her children to pray. He could not understand it.

"Laura, you must pray every night and morning."

"I don't know how."

"I'll teach you."

"Well, if you'll teach me, I'll learn. When must I begin?"

"To-night."

"Well."

George thought, as she was to begin at the beginning, he would teach her the first prayer he had learned — "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"Now, you must say it after me till you can say it alone."

"Well."

"Now I lay me down to sleep," —

"Now I lay me down to sleep," —

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"I pray the Lord" —

"My soul to keep."

"My soul to keep."

"If I should die before I wake," —

"If I should die" —

"Who's going to die here?" said Daniel, opening the door. The last words had caught his ear.

"George was teaching me to pray."

"Get out with your nonsense; it don't do any good to pray."

"It does," said George.

"I say it don't."

"Yes, it does—I know it does," said Laura, "for George an't afraid when it thunders, and you are, and George prays, and you don't."

"I'm not afraid of thunder."

"O Daniel! What did you run so for?"

"To get out of the rain. You be still, and go to sleep."

There was nothing more said. George thought a good deal before he went to

sleep. He concluded the heathen did not live so far off as he had supposed. "I would go home a-foot early, if it wasn't for Laura. I'll teach her to pray. I'll be a missionary to her;" and with that thought he fell asleep.

He awoke early in the morning, dressed himself, said his prayers, and went down before the children were awake.

He had a long conversation with Mrs. Bayley about his mother. Mrs. Bayley was so kind, and showed so much feeling for him, that he could not see how it was that so fine a woman could live without family prayer, and have such heathen children.

Finally, he thought it would do to ask her — "Mrs. Bayley, why don't you have prayers?"

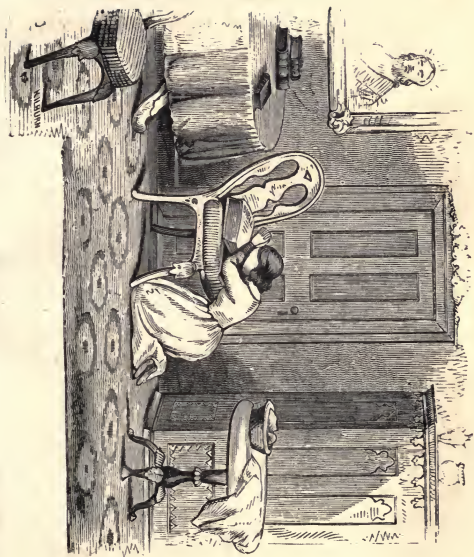
"Because," said she, a good deal discomposed, "there is nobody to pray."

"Isn't there any body in the house who knows how?"

"No."

"That's strange. I mean to teach Laura."

"Do, my dear boy."





At this moment their conversation was interrupted by the children, who came down in their usual humor. What that humor was, may be learned from a remark that Daniel once made — “I and Liz is always cross till after breakfast.”

At breakfast, Mr. Bayley talked with George very kindly, so that he had another cause for wonder — that so good a man should not know how to pray, and should have such children.

After breakfast, George’s papa came for his son. He was so lonesome that he could not do without him. George was glad he had come ; only, he said, he was not quite ready to go, and asked him if he could wait a few minutes.

He nodded, and George asked Mrs. Bayley if “he and Laura might go up chamber alone.”

Mrs. Bayley blushed very deeply as she kissed him, and gave the desired permission.

They went up chamber together, and he taught Laura the little prayer he had begun the night before, and then told her how she ought to ask for other things, and especially

for a new heart, and talked to her about the Savior till she wept, and promised to pray the prayer he had taught her, and make one for herself, every day.

Mrs. Bayley warmly urged him to come again, and so did Elizabeth and Daniel. They were good-natured now, and seemed to have no idea but that they had treated him well enough.

On the way home, George told him all that had happened, and inquired the reasons of those things which had excited his wonder.

“My son, Mr. and Mrs. Bayley are very worthy people, but they lack the ‘one thing needful.’ Their parents were not pious, and they were suffered to grow up without any religious training: they were as well brought up as they could be where there was no religion. You see how their children are brought up.”

“Yes, sir, and I’m very sorry for them, and I see I have much greater reason to thank God that I was born of pious parents than I thought I had.”

“That is a blessing that we can never sufficiently estimate.”

I'M FOR PEACE.

"I'm for peace," said John Hayden, as he withdrew from the contention that was going on between two parties in front of the school-house, after a vain attempt to get a hearing for a pacific speech. "I'm for peace; and if there can't be peace, I'll keep out of the war."

"Here, John, what are you going off for? Are you afraid?" said one of the leaders.

Upon this, there was a pause in the uproar on both sides. John came back a little way, in hopes that they might be disposed to hear him.

"Are you afraid of being hurt?" continued the speaker above mentioned.

"No," said John.

"Why don't you stick to your party, then?"

John was about to answer, "I don't belong to your party," but it occurred to him that it was not wise for him to do so ; that he had better seize on the occasion of saying something adapted to promote concord.

"I say," screamed one of the opposite party, "John don't belong to your side. He belongs to our side ; don't you, John ?"

There were now many cries, from both sides, of "He don't," and "He does," when, despairing of being heard, he began again to retire. This produced another momentary calm.

"Now," said Roger, who was the leader of the up-streeters, "let him say which party he does belong to."

"Agreed !" said Robert, the leader of the down-streeters : "all keep still."

"On which side are you ?" was asked by both the leaders at once.

"I'm on neither side," said John, "and I wish you would hear to reason and right for a moment."

But they were no more disposed to hear

reason than our legislators are when they are angry.

“Be on one side or the other!” cried one.

“Get off from the fence!” said another.

“Try to please every body, and please nobody!” said a third.

“I shall not do wrong to please any body,” and he turned and walked away. As he did so, he received a liberal share of abuse from both parties.

There was now nothing to hinder the two parties from proceeding to battle; but we will leave them standing in two groups, and looking at each other, and growling, very much as you have seen two angry cats do, while I give you an account of the origin of the contention. And as I don't feel any hurry to see them fighting, I shall leave them standing in that interesting attitude as long as I please.

The village was divided very nearly into two equal parts, and these were about one fourth of a mile distant from each other. They might properly enough have been called two villages, but that was not the case. It was regarded as one village, and those who

lived in the eastern part were called *down-streeters*, and those who lived in the western part, *up-streeters*. The school-house stood midway between the two: opposite to it stood the house in which John Hayden's father lived. Now for the origin of the war.

Well, on the day before the occurrence of the events above described, some time after school had closed, two boys happened to meet in front of the school-house. One belonged in the east, and the other in the west part of the village. One was a ragged little fellow, who never wasted any cold water on his face. He was there to see if the school-house door was unlocked, in which case something valuable might be secured by him, in the shape of pens and paper, &c.

The other one was a well-dressed boy, with the lineaments of a rogue very plainly drawn upon his face. He was there, because it was in his way as he was returning from an unsuccessful attack on a cherry-tree in one of the neighboring orchards.

Both were disappointed in the object of

their efforts, and both felt rather cross. Some words passed between them that somehow led the ragged boy to assert that the people who lived in East Street were better than those who lived in West Street.

The would-be cherry-stealer regarded this as a great insult — as an affront to his honor, and the honor of all the inhabitants of West Street. He stoutly affirmed that the truth lay directly the opposite way.

It will be perceived that the question in dispute was a very general and somewhat abstract one — one which it was impossible to settle by any amount of discussion, and therefore a capital one to go to war about.

The boys accordingly began to prepare for battle, not knowing that they were following the example of so-called wise rulers of nations.

Many hard blows were exchanged, when they separated — one to examine the state of his nose, the other to rub his head, and both to cry lustily.

A stranger came along while they were thus employed, and asked them what was the matter; but he immediately compre-

hended the state of things, and answered his own question by saying, "So, you have been fighting."

"I made his nose bleed for him," said the West Streeter, stopping his sobbing for a moment.

"I've got a handful of his wool," said the East Streeter, holding something up which looked more like tow than wool. Both renewed their sobbing with increased vigor.

"Where do you live?" said the stranger to the ragged boy.

"Down there," said he, pointing towards his home.

"Where do *you* live?" to the other boy.

"Up there."

"Well, do you march down there, and do you march up there, in quick time."

The ragged boy seemed in no wise reluctant to obey: the other hesitated; but when the stranger advanced towards him, he showed that he was a good runner, and so far qualified to be a soldier. He went home, and as soon as the sun was down he went to bed.

Not so with the East Streeter. He spent the remainder of the afternoon and the evening in seeking for sympathy, and in rousing the East Streeters to a sense of their wrongs. According to his story, nearly every body in West Street had called in question the respectability of nearly every body in East Street.

Now, as he was a noted liar, he met with poor success in his efforts till he met with two or three boys who thought they should make themselves of consequence by getting up a breeze ; so they endorsed the story, and became very patriotic — very jealous of the honor of their fellow down-streeters.

They soon succeeded in collecting most of the boys together, and in creating considerable excitement. The ragged boy suddenly became an important character. The blow struck on his nose was aimed at the nose of every down-streeter, and the blood that was spilt must be avenged.

It was determined that all the down-streeters should march to the school-house in martial array, the next morning, fully prepared to fight for their honor and their rights.

Morning came. The agitators were active, and assembled all the boys at an early hour. They chose Nicholas Hume for their captain. He had not a very patriotic soul, for he was heard to say that the flogging of the ragged boy was the most worthy exploit the up-streeters had performed for some time ; but he had a powerful arm, and as the boys seemed determined to wage war, he consented to lead them, as usual.

A soiled cotton handkerchief was fastened on a bean-pole, for a banner, and a tin horn was borrowed without leave, for a trumpet. They started for the school-house.

The adult villagers were astonished at their martial tramp, for those who had shoes stamped with all their might, as they marched along, and those who were without shoes made rather unsuccessful efforts to imitate them.

Suddenly, there was a cry of distress from the ranks. What was it ? Had the battle begun, and had a shot taken effect on the ranks ? There is one down certainly, and he is crying in a very unsoldier-like manner.

See, he is bringing the bottom of his foot as near as possible to his eye. Is it possible that a shot has struck him in the bottom of his foot? No, he was one of the bare-footers, and he has stamped a thorn into his foot.

The band moved on, leaving the fallen soldier to heal his wounds, and rejoin them at his leisure.

When they arrived at the school-house, they found only two or three of the up-streeters there. They had not heard of the declaration of war, and were astonished at the volley of fierce words which was discharged upon them.

They were not long in getting angry, and, as their neighbors came in, they caught the spirit, so that in a short time the parties were ranged opposite each other, as described at the opening of this story. Robert Wallis was by common consent regarded as the leader of the up-streeters.

After John Hayden had retired, the battle began in good earnest, and raged for some time with various success. At length the feeble ones grew weary, and seemed dis-

posed to let their leaders do the fighting -- a good idea if there must be fighting at all, and one that grown-up boys would do well to imitate. In that case wars would be altogether less frequent.

Ere long, the battle was narrowed down to two on a side, and soon, Robert and Nicholas alone were engaged. Neither of them had any ill will towards each other when the battle began, and neither cared any thing about the point in dispute; but now their angry passions and their pride were excited, and they fought with great vigor.

They pommelled each other, pulled each other's hair, and scratched each other, almost as well as wild beasts could have done it. Then they threw their arms around each other, and squeezed each other, and tried to bite each other. I don't think they did this nearly as well as two young bears could have done it.

When they were about tired out, one said, "Let go!"

The other said, "You let go first!"

"Let go, I tell you!"

"You let go first."

"I won't."

"I won't."

When this interesting colloquy was over, they squeezed one another again, and rolled over, and finally rolled into the ditch, in which the water and mud was about a foot deep.

Both then let go, and got up and looked at themselves, and the schoolmaster came up and looked at them too, for a long time, without speaking. He then made them come into the school and sit by themselves on a broken bench, as they were too dirty to sit by any body. They were not allowed to read with their class, or to attend to any of their studies. There they sat, and were obliged to use great caution lest the bench should come down with them. There was no back to the bench; so they folded their arms, and, bending forwards, rested them on their knees, and employed their time in examining the floor between their feet.

The schoolmaster looked up, and saw them gravely studying the floor, and could not help laughing. He was joined by the

whole school, those laughing loudest who were ignorant of the cause.

The two champions did not relish being laughed at, but maintained their gravity, and persevered in their examination of the few inches of board lying between their feet.

At length, they raised their heads and looked at each other. This idea seemed to strike them both at the same moment — “What have we been quarrelling about?” They considered the question, and could find no satisfactory answer. The more they reflected, the clearer was their perception of their folly.

At noon, the pupils were all dismissed except the two champions. Information was given by the master that he should furnish himself with a good supply of birch whips, which he should apply to the backs of any who should seek for distinction by such military exploits as had been witnessed that morning.

The pupils retired to their homes very peaceably — were as careful to avoid giving

offence as two nations who have just come out of a war.

The teacher then summoned the two champions before him, and demanded the cause of their combat. Nicholas looked towards Robert, as much as to say, "I don't know; he can tell."

"What was it, Robert?"

"I've been thinking, sir, but I don't know; perhaps Nicholas does."

"They said the up-streeters had insulted us, and the down-streeters thought they must defend their honor, I suppose, and they chose me captain," said Nicholas.

"Which side began?"

"Our side this morning," said Nicholas.

"Do you feel any better for your battle?"

"No, sir; my head sings as if it had bees in it."

"Can you both go home peaceably without any further quarrel?"

"Yes, sir," said Nicholas; "I've nothing against Robert."

"I've nothing against Nicholas."

"You seem convinced of the folly of your conduct, but not of its wickedness. I

will give you time to reflect upon that before I proceed further."

They were then allowed to retire.

"We've been real 'cute to-day, I should think," said Nicholas.

"We certainly have," said Robert.

"I wish you would take out those bees you put in my ear."

"I wish you would hand over those pieces of skin you took off my nose."

"I don't exactly see the wit of fighting without any reason."

"Nor I, neither."

"I've an idea, if folks were to wait till they found a good reason, there wouldn't be any fighting."

"Which way are you going?" said Robert, as Nicholas was about to get over the fence.

"I'm going home cross lots: it isn't very safe to go at all: if father sees me, I pity my poor back!"

The expression of "father sees me" brought some thoughts into Robert's mind that made him feel very sad. He sat down on a large stone before the school-house,

and covered his face with his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. Tears trickled down between his fingers.

"Come, come over and get some dinner, if you are not going home."

Robert started and looked up, and saw John standing beside him. He dropped his head again without speaking, and the tears flowed more copiously.

"Are you hurt?" said John.

Robert shook his head.

"What is the matter, then?"

"I warn't brought up to do so, and if my mother had seen me ——" And he choked and sobbed as if his heart were breaking.

His mother, a most lovely Christian woman, had died about two years before. Just before she died, she said to him, "Remember all I have taught, and never do any thing which you would not do if your poor mother was looking on you."

This remark made a deep impression, and exerted a great influence on his conduct. He was peaceable and kind in his intercourse with his acquaintance, and had never

been known to be engaged in a brawl before. This day he had entirely forgotten his mother's dying words; he had degraded himself in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the whole community.

"Mrs. Jones's son has been fighting: what would his mother say if she were alive?" Thoughts like this ran through his mind, and added to the burden of his guilt and shame, which now pressed heavily upon him.

"O, how I wish I had followed your example! If I could always remember and feel as though my mother saw me, I could keep out of such things."

"I keep out by remembering and feeling something else."

"What is it?"

"That God sees me."

Robert dropped his head again, and was silent.

After a while, he said, "I'm afraid there is no use in my trying to be good; I've been growing worse and worse ever since mother died. I never went quite so far before as I have gone to-day."

"Have you ever tried in earnest to be good?"

"I have tried to keep along and not be bad, till I found a good time to be good."

"And you have never found that time?"

Robert answered by shaking his head.

"And I can tell you, you never will, so long as you are looking to the future for it. '*Now* is the accepted time.' If I had a mother in heaven, I think I shouldn't wait long before I began to get ready to meet her. It would be rather hard to think of bidding her an eternal farewell at the judgment day."

Robert again wept bitterly.

"Come, go home with me."

Robert arose and went with John over to his room. John brushed the mud off from his clothes, assisted him in making himself decent in his appearance, and offered him some dinner, which he declined.

He then sat down and talked with him about his mother, and about her instructions and advice, and tried to make him promise that he would immediately begin to "seek first the kingdom of God," and not to give

over seeking till he had found ; but he would not promise. He said to himself that the reason why he would not promise was, that he was afraid that he should fail to keep his promise. But the real truth was, his sinful heart kept him from making up his mind to a resolution to keep such a promise. He did not feel an inclination to begin the great work of securing salvation without delay.

John prayed with him, and when it was school-time, they went over to the school-house. School had just begun as they entered. Robert was allowed to take his accustomed seat. The scholars saw that he wore a very sad look.

"He is afraid of being whipped !" whispered one.

"I guess he has been thinking about his mother, who is dead and gone," was the whispered reply.

Pretty soon Nicholas came in, and took his usual seat by the side of Robert. His eyes looked very red.

"I've had an awful thrashing !" whispered he to Robert. "Father had heard all

about it, and had the whip ready. Have you been home?"

Robert shook his head.

"Your father never whips, does he?"

"Please don't whisper," said Robert.

Both then attended to their lessons.

Just before school was out, they were called up. "Robert, what do you think you deserve?" said the teacher.

"Punishment," said he, very seriously.

"Your conduct has always been so good that, if the offence had been almost any thing else, I should think I might pass it by.

"What do you think you deserve, Nicholas?"

"I did deserve flogging, and I've had it. I hope I don't deserve another."

"Considering the circumstance, I deem it my duty to punish you, however others may deal with you."

He punished them in his usual way, and that was such that most boys took good care never to come under his hands a second time. It ought to be said, however, that he very seldom judged it necessary to have recourse to the birch.

The next day, the two boys whose quarrel had led to the whole difficulty were called up by the schoolmaster. They pleaded the schoolboys' statute of limitations — that is, that, inasmuch as they had been home from school before the quarrel took place, they were not liable to punishment from the teacher ; but their plea was overruled, and they were soundly flogged. This act of authority and justice gave very general satisfaction.

Several more who were engaged in the war were punished by their parents, so that in the end the result in this was pretty much the same as in wars that take place between nations ; there was a great deal of pain suffered, and very little glory gained.

It was felt by nearly every one in the school that John Hayden was the only one who had acted a truly wise and honorable part. His influence was now much greater than it had ever been before.

The reader should remember this. Many boys think they must go with the majority, in order to be esteemed. They will do what they know to be wrong rather than

offend their companions and subject themselves to their reproaches. But let them remember, that to do right is the best policy in the end. There was not a boy in school who did not feel a higher respect for John than they would have felt had he joined with them in their senseless and wicked quarrel.

The schoolmaster was accustomed to spend some time in the school-house every day after school was dismissed. As he always shut the windows and locked the door at such times, the scholars wondered what he did. Some suggested that he might be making counterfeit money. But this idea did not obtain favor. On the day of the battle, some, whose curiosity was stronger than their sense of propriety, climbed up into the garret over the school-room, to see if they could not find some hole in the ceiling to peep down through. They found no such place, but they heard what he was doing. He spent the time in praying for his pupils, that they might be taught by the Spirit of God. They waited till he had left the school-house, when they came down and got out of a window.

"I shall believe him now," said one of the listeners, "when he says he has no object in whipping us but our good. Men that pray in that way would not lie."

This boy, you would infer from that speech, was not very well brought up. If he had been, he would never have connected the idea of lying with his teacher's name. He belonged to a family who never kept the Sabbath, or appeared in the house of God. But from this time his manner towards the teacher changed; and pretty soon the change in his deportment was so apparent that it was observed by all, and people began to say, "The teacher is really likely to make something out of that boy."

A few days after peace was established, the teacher asked John Hayden to accompany him in his evening walk. Among other things, they talked about the late war between the up-streeters and down-streeters.

John said that the fighting ones had been laughed at so much, that they were pretty thoroughly ashamed of it.

"It would be a piece of folly, worthy of ridicule alone, were it not wicked as well

as foolish. I understood that both parties were disposed to make a war—of words at least—on you.”

“Yes, sir, they were rather rude because I would not join them.”

“Very wise and good men have been treated just as you were. No man was ever more abused than Washington was, by some of his countrymen, because he would not take side in the war between England and France. He was for peace; and if there must be war, he was resolved to keep out of it.”

John saw that some one had told the master what he had said. He blushed very deeply in consequence of the high praise thus delicately bestowed upon him, and felt that it alone more than repaid him for all the abuse he had suffered.

“Strange as it may seem, nations often go to wars, which cost thousands of lives, and millions of treasure, for causes quite as trifling as that which occasioned *our* war,” said the teacher.

“Is it possible?” said John.

“Many bloody wars have happened in

this way. 'The king of one country gets angry with the king of another country because, perhaps, he has spoken slightly of him ; and then the first king persuades the nation that they have all been insulted in the person of their sovereign ; that the insult must be revenged ; that they must fight for the national honor. 'Those who want offices and pay, blow the flame ; the people are soon ready to fight ; war is declared ; men are enlisted to shoot and be shot at ; thousands are killed ; thousands suffer and perish from hunger ; till at length both nations get weary of fighting, and the rulers see that they cannot keep them at it any longer, and they make peace. 'They leave off where they began, excepting the fearful loss of life, money, happiness, and virtue, which has taken place.'

" You have given a very exact account of the origin of our war, only Tommy was not king. He got angry, and tried to make the East Street boys think they were insulted ; and two or three, who wanted to be head, made a great deal of the matter, and got all the boys ready to fight for their

honor—and they fought till they were tired. The end wasn't quite as bad as your account. There were no lives lost. But you were speaking of wars between nations governed by kings: in republican governments, the people rule. Do republican nations ever go to war so foolishly ? ”

“ Sometimes. True, they have no king to fight for ; but there will always be found men who wish to bring themselves into notice, and they will seize on every occasion of doing so. They love to talk big about the honor of the nation, and blow up the flames of war ; and the people in a republican land can be made angry and be led by passion just as you have seen that boys in a republican land can be. Most of the war speeches in Congress are made by such men. And then the articles in the newspapers, which show so much zeal for the honor of the country, are written by men who wish for war that they may have a chance for office, or that they may get contracts from the government for supplying the army with provisions or clothing, and thus make a fortune.”

“Is it not wonderful that there can be men who are willing that their fellow-beings should be plunged into so much misery and crime, for the chance of making money?”

“You know what the Bible says of the heart of man—that it is ‘desperately wicked,’ and that ‘the love of money is the root of all evil.’”

“Are not men growing too wise to fight without reason in these latter days?”

“I am afraid not. The fear of God alone can restrain the outbreaks of human passion. The only hope of the world, for deliverance from the horrors of war, is in the prevalence of the gospel of peace. You remember the song of the angels when the Savior was born—‘On earth peace and good-will to men.’ When men obey the gospel, there will be an end to war. Men will never fight while they obey the precept, ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.’”

John felt that he had received a great deal of instruction in the course of his walk, and felt resolved to exert himself more than he had done before to promote peace and good-will.

He soon brought over some of the best boys in both parts of the village to think and act with him, and ere long there was no such thing known as having recourse to violence, to settle disputes.

They managed things in this way : They all joined together in choosing a chief justice, and four associate judges, who were to hold a court as often as was necessary, for the settlement of all disputes. John Hayden was unanimously elected chief justice. Two of the four judges were chosen from the east, and two from the west part of the village. When there was any dispute, a court was called, and some acted as lawyers ; the forms of justice were pretty well adhered to, and the decision of the court was always obeyed.

Some thought they ought to have a book of laws ; but the chief justice said, " When old Connecticut was first settled, they took the Bible for their law-book, and that is good enough for us. The law of right is the law for us to follow ; and we can always learn what is right by the aid of the Bible."

The court was found to be so interesting,

that not only were all questions and disputes that arose brought before it for trial, but many good-natured disputes were made up, that they might have business for the court.

After this, there was no more war between the East and West Streeters. They were content under the government of the law of right. They did not feel that it was necessary to their honor and happiness to bruise one another's noses, or pull one another's hair.

I must not close without giving some account of Robert, the boy that "was not brought up to do such things."

You will recollect that the last mention that was made of him was when he received the punishment which he confessed he deserved.

He went home with a heavy heart, and told his father all he had done, and how he had forgotten his mother's counsels. His father wept with him, but could not pray with him, for he was not a Christian. Robert went to bed ; but he felt so unhappy that he could not sleep, and he got up and went to





his father's room, and said, "Father, can't you pray with me? for I feel very bad."

"I can't; for I don't know how to pray."

What an awful confession for a father to make!

Robert left the room, and walked out into the open air. It was a soft summer evening. He walked to the graveyard, which was not far distant, and kneeled on the grave of his mother, and prayed with a breaking heart. He felt that he was a guilty sinner; his father could not pray for him; he had none to help him; he felt that he was so wicked that he could not help himself; he felt that God must help him, or there was no hope. On that grave, in that still, solitary hour, he prayed, and help was given. Hope sprang up in his heart, and he felt enabled to form the resolution, in the strength of God, to serve him for the remainder of his life, and to choose him as his everlasting portion.



THE BLUE-BIRD'S NEST

As George Gates was on his way to school, he turned aside from the road, and went through a field in hopes of finding some strawberries. He did not find any strawberries, but he found what pleased him more — a blue-bird's nest. As he was passing near a stump, a blue-bird flew out of it. He went up to it, and found that there was a hollow in the top of the stump about a foot deep, just about large enough to put your hand in, and at the bottom of it there was a nest with three eggs in it. He had never found a blue-bird's nest before. He had found a great many robins' nests, and chirping-birds' nests, and brown-threshers' nests, but never a blue-bird's nest. It was quite an exploit to tell of.

This was the season of the year for birds' nests, and the schoolboys were on the

look-out for them. They often compared notes to see who had found the greatest number of nests, or, to use their language, who had the greatest number of nests — for each claimed the nests that he found, by right of discovery. This was well enough, provided they did not proceed to enforce their claim by taking away the eggs or the young birds. This was rarely done. You would have been amused to hear them numbering their nests.

“I know,” says one, “where there is a robin’s nest with two eggs in, and a chirping-bird’s nest with five eggs in, and ——”

“I have got a brown-thresher’s nest with three young ones in,” says another, interrupting him; and “I’ve got three robins’ nests,” says another, raising his voice above the others; and so it would go on. There was sometimes a little stretching of the truth at such times. For example, sometimes a boy would say he knew where there was a nest, when, if he were called on to tell all about it, he would have to say that he had seen a bird in a certain place, and he guessed it had a nest somewhere

near. Now, this is not telling the truth: boys should never put their *guesses* in the place of what they *know*. They may say it don't do any hurt, in such a case; but it does, for it leads to a bad habit, and is wrong in itself.

There was an illustration of this in the very school which George attended. There was one boy who began to stretch the truth in this way, and by and by he would affirm that he had found the nest of every bird in the known world. If one were to say he had found an ostrich's nest, that boy would say, "I found one before you did, and it had so many eggs in it." The consequence was, that nobody believed a word he said. Be careful how you begin to turn aside from the truth.

School was begun when George arrived at the school-house, on the morning after his notable discovery. Though it was contrary to the law of the school to whisper, and though George was a good boy to obey law, he could not restrain himself from whispering to the boy who sat next to him, "I know where is a blue-bird's nest."

"Where?"

"I know."

"O, tell *me* now."

"George recollected himself, and shook his head, and did not whisper again all the morning. But he did some other things which may make you think he had better not have found the blue-bird's nest.

He sat facing a window which was thrown open, and thus gave him a view of the surrounding country. Now, he had got a blue-bird in his head, and could not study. He kept looking out of the window nearly all the time. Once the teacher asked him if his lesson was out in the field. He then tried a little to study, but his mind was soon with the blue-bird again; and ere long he became so absorbed in his thoughts that he began to whistle aloud in school.

This, as you may suppose, put an end to all whispering, studying, reciting, in the school, for the time being. Every eye was turned to the musician, and almost every under lip was drawn up under the upper teeth. George did not notice all this, but kept on with his tune, swinging his legs to

keep time, the bench being so high that his feet did not touch the floor.

He had got nearly through the first part of his tune, when he felt himself raised from his seat by means of his collar, and, looking round, he saw the face of his angry teacher. "I'll teach you a tune worth two of that, my lad!" said the teacher, who was about to apply the ferule to his hand; but he recollected his rule, which was, never to punish a pupil when he was at all excited. He knew that he was liable to do injustice if he acted when he was angry. This was an excellent rule, and one that I would advise every boy to adopt, and act upon on all occasions. Never act when you are angry: if you do, you will always do something to be sorry for. Wait till you get cool, and then you will not be so likely to act unwisely and wickedly.

A still better way, for the teacher and for boys, would be never to get angry. "But I can't help it," says one. Try and see: try hard, and keep on trying, and you will get so as never to be angry without cause.

The teacher, as I said, recollecting his

rule, told George to stand by his desk. When school was nearly out, and the teacher was perfectly cool, he told George to shut up his book. "What did you mean by whistling in school?"

"I didn't mean any thing—I didn't know I was whistling."

"What were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking about my blue-bird's nest."

"Is the nest in your lesson?"

"No, sir, it is in a stump," said George, very innocently. The teacher couldn't help laughing, and all the scholars joined with him, as is customary on such occasions.

"He won't get whipped," whispered one of the boys to his neighbor.

The teacher, perceiving that no wrong was intended, dismissed him with a rebuke for not having his mind sufficiently on his book; and he took occasion to exhort the children "always to attend to their present business—their present duty. If they neglected that, they could not tell what they would do. George had no idea of turning the school into a whistling school

when he came into it, but by neglecting present duty, he fell into that fault before he knew it."

As soon as school was out, the boys were all around George, and asked, "Where is your blue-bird's nest?"

He declined telling, for it was not considered that a boy was obliged to tell where his nests were.

"I know," said the boy who would have boasted of finding an ostrich's nest — "I know where it is!" but nobody minded what he said.

When a boy refused to tell, it was deemed lawful for the other boys to find out where the nest was, if they could, though his right of property was not affected by any subsequent discovery. At noon, there was a good deal of contriving how they should find out where George's blue-bird's nest was.

James Savage and Joel Hayes agreed that they would watch him when he went home, and see if he did not make a visit to the nest. He suspected that something of that sort was going on, and saw them fol-

lowing him. They thought they did it so slyly that he did not see them; but they were mistaken. He saw them; and knew what they were after; and so he thought he would give them some labor for their pains. He turned out of the road, and went through a cornfield into a kind of swamp, that was full of bunches of bushes. He hid behind the bushes for a time, and then came out, and went home, taking care not to look around him, so as to see James and Joel. Now, this swamp was not the place where he found the nest. It was in a clover field, on the other side of the highway.

James and Joel were now in high spirits. They were sure the nest was somewhere in that pasture, and they would find it. When they came to the pasture, James began to doubt whether they should find it. "I don't think," said he, "that we are very likely to find it."

"Why, we know it must be here somewhere," said Joel.

"Yes, but the thing is to find it among all these bushes. We may know that there

is a needle in a hay-stack, but it might be some work to find it."

"I can find it, and I won't sleep till I do."

"Hush your nonsense : you have no right to say so : never make a promise that you can't keep."

"I can keep this : you see, now."

"Well, I will see."

"I'm certain of finding it."

"No, you are not."

"I am, I tell you. He said it was in a stump ; and how long will it take to look into every stump in this field ?"

"So he did," said James ; "I didn't think of that. I thought we should have to look all the bushes through. • We shall find it, then."

Now, this was good reasoning if but for one thing. The nest was in a stump ; and if they looked in every stump in the field in which the nest was, they would find it, no doubt ; but the mistake was, in their taking it for granted that the nest was in *that* field. When you reason, be sure you do not take things for granted which require proof.

The boys examined every stump in the whole field, and found no nest. The examination was a work of no small difficulty. The land was, as I said, swampy. They often got into the water and mud, and suffered somewhat through fear of snakes.

"Well," said James, "you won't sleep any to-night, I reckon."

Joel did not answer at first, but finally said, "Are you sure we didn't skip any?"

"I don't think we did."

"It must be here somewhere. Let us go over again; and, to make sure, let us take some bushes and stick one in every stump we go to, and then we can see if we have missed any."

They did so, and yet there was not a blue-bird's nest to be found.

"I'll tell you what," said James, "he saw us dogging him, and he has given us this wild-goose chase on purpose. He has come over us neat, hasn't he?" laughing.

"If he has, I'll be up to him," said Joel, angrily.

"Well, he has; there is no doubt of it: but we have no right to get angry about it."

"What right had he to make us tie ourselves to death wading through this mud?"

"He didn't tell us to do it. If we have a mind to be fools enough to do it, we can't blame any body but ourselves."

"He came here to make us think the nest was here."

"Well, he has as good a right to do so, as we have to find out where his nest is."

"Well, I don't care! if I find his nest, I'll put it where the dogs won't find it."

"You will feel better when you have slept. But I forgot, — you are not going to sleep to-night."

"If you don't quit, I'll tear your nest to pieces."

"No, I wouldn't, if I were you," said James good-naturedly, "because it wouldn't be healthy. But I was only in fun; let us go home now."

James said this in a very soothing tone, and it prevented a quarrel. He always did so, on the principle that a soft answer turneth away wrath. Joel was unreasonable, but that, James thought, was a reason why

he should take special pains not to provoke him. I wish all boys would do so.

They then went to their respective homes.

The next morning, George overtook James on the way to school. He tried to look very sober, as if he didn't know what had happened; but when he saw James's laughing face, he could not keep his face sober.

"Well," said James, "you did neat last night — first-rate — neater than you can do it again."

"What were you and Joel doing down in Mr. Carman's swamp?" said George, gravely.

"Finding blue-birds' nests," as gravely.

"Found them very thick there, didn't you?"

"Not over and above."

"Find any snake's nests?"

"Didn't look for any."

"I would look next time."

"I will, when I go there again. O George," said he, laughing, "there will be no use in your trying that over again;" and

they went on talking pleasantly on matters and things in general.

Now, wasn't that the true way to give and take a joke?

The meeting between George and Joel was not so pleasant. George saw that he looked cross, and he made some remark to him, not making any allusion to the event of the preceding day.

"I'll pay you some time," said Joel, angrily.

"What for? you don't owe me any thing."

"You know. What did you send me into the swamp for?"

"I didn't send you."

"You did."

George thought he wouldn't talk with so unreasonable a fellow, and left him, letting him have the last word. Let a cross, unreasonable fellow have the last word, if it will give him any comfort. Such a fellow needs comfort.

The news of the visit to the swamp spread through the school, and was made the subject of a good many remarks, which made James laugh, and Joel angry. If you

had seen what an uncomfortable day Joel had of it, you would have said it was better to laugh at jokes than to get angry at them.

A still greater desire was now excited to find the famous nest, and George's movements were watched as closely as if he had been president. The next day, he went home by the road, and, after he had got home, he went through the woods to a very large field that was full of stumps. He went more than a mile, but he knew some would see him, and that the stumps in that field would "have to take it." He was seen by some one, and now it was certain they could find the nest. He had been home, and he would not have taken the pains to go away round through the woods to that field, if the nest was not there.

The next morning more than a dozen boys were in the field—every stump was examined.

"What are you looking for?" said George, who *happened* to come along as they were in the midst of their search.

There was no reply. George sat on the fence with a grave face, while every stump

was peeped into, if it had any crevice in it. No blue-bird's nest was to be found.

"What *are* you all looking for?" said George.

"I've found it!" shouted a little boy at a distance, and they all ran to the spot.

Sure enough, there was a nest close by a stump, with five eggs in it.

"There, George," cried one, "we've beat — we've found it."

"I guess you have," said George, coming to the spot; "but," stooping down and looking at the nest, "in the first place, that don't happen to be *in* a stump, and in the next place, it isn't a blue-bird's nest at all, but a chirping-bird's nest."

"So it is," said one.

"Take another field to-morrow — you will find it if you keep on. You will find it before snow comes, as likely as not. If you don't, I will tell you where it is, then."

"Now," said James, "this is what I call too bad, to have the wool pulled over a fellow's eyes two days running in this way. I give up beat."

George refrained from all expressions of

triumph, and all went to school in good humor. Some boys in George's place would have boasted a little, and perhaps made some of his companions angry.

James now told the rest of the boys not to say any thing more about the nest, and he would find it before long. He watched George when he went home, but was careful not to let him see it. George went through another field. James did not follow him. The next day he went through another, and in so doing took some pains to avoid the field in which the nest was. This James observed, and concluded the nest was there. But before he went to search, he thought he would be more sure, if possible. So the next day he said, "Shall I tell you where your nest is?"

"Yes, if you wish to, very much. I know about as well as I wish to, though, already."

"Well," said James, "it is in Mr. Case's clover field," fixing his eyes fully on George's. A slight change in George's countenance convinced James that he was right in his conjecture.

"Well," said George, with as much indifference as he could assume, "be sure you don't skip any stumps when you go to search."

"Come," said James, after school, "go with me, and I'll show you your nest."

George made some excuse, which made James feel sure he was right in thinking the nest was in Mr. Case's clover field. He went there after school, and almost as soon as he got into the field, he saw tracks in the clover which led him to the stump which contained the nest. He was greatly rejoiced that he had conquered at last.

That day there was great rejoicing over the victory, and it were well if all victories might be rejoiced over as innocently.

James told them they must all promise not to disturb the nest, if he told them where it was. "Agreed!" said a great many voices.

But Joel was silent. "What do you say, Joel?"

"Nothing."

"Do you promise?"

"No "

"You shall promise," said one.

"I wqn't," said Joel.

James thought he had better tell where it was. It was better to run the risk of Joel's injuring the nest, than to disoblige all the boys who were willing to promise to let it alone. Indeed, it was hardly necessary to ask them to make the promise. Nobody, except Joel, had any feelings towards George that would lead to harming the nest. They were satisfied that the nest had been found, and that they had beat. So he told them where it was, and away they ran to see it: they had had such hard work to find it, that they thought it must be something great to see.

Joel did not go with the boys to see the nest. James went home with him, and tried to persuade him to promise not to cherish any unkind feelings towards George.

"You are all on his side, and I haven't a single friend."

"There are no sides about it. George has nothing against you, and you ought not to have against him. You have no more reason to, than I have, or all the other boys."

"I don't like to be made a fool of."

"You are making a great fool of yourself," James was tempted to say ; but he saw it would not be wise, and did not say it.

"Joel, do be a little reasonable. You make yourself and your friends very unhappy by being so perverse. You must learn to take a joke pleasantly, or you can't live in any comfort."

If the reader is disposed to get angry when he is at play, and is "run upon" a little, I hope he will take James's advice. James continued to talk with Joel till he got him to promise to show no more bad feelings towards George. He then told George how matters stood, and in a few days the breach was healed. James felt the blessedness of the peacemaker, when he saw them at play again in perfect harmony.

But a storm soon arose. George was accustomed to visit his nest daily as he came to school. The eggs had hatched, and the young birds were more than half grown.

One day he came to school with a very sad face, and tears in his eyes. His nest was destroyed—not a bird was in it, but

their feathers were scattered round the stump. They had been taken out and killed by some one.

There was great excitement in the school. The nest had received so much attention, that it was regarded as public property, and its robbery was robbery of the whole school. George felt badly about it. The sympathies of children are often more easily excited than those of older persons. When George was asked "who he thought did it," he shook his head: he had his suspicions, but he would accuse no one.

Suspicion, as you may well suppose, fell on Joel. When he came to school that morning, all eyes were turned upon him; scarce any one spoke to him, though no one accused him. They treated him as though he were guilty, and shunned him.

James did not like this way of proceeding—it was not according to his ideas of justice. "Never condemn a person unheard," was one of his rules, and should be one of every body's rules.

After school, he took Joel aside. "You know what has happened, and you know

you are suspected; now, if you have done it, say so, and if you haven't, say so."

"I never was near the nest in my life."

"Do you know any thing about it?"

"Nothing. I never heard of it till I came to school this morning."

"I am very glad of it. I did not really believe you did do it, though it was natural you should be suspected."

James went to the boys, and told them how it was—that Joel had not done it. Joel had a good reputation for veracity, and this denial was sufficient to clear him. If he had not been a boy of truth, his denial would not have cleared him in the circumstances in which he was placed.

There was then a great wondering of who could have done it; nobody took the trouble to deny it but the *ostrich* boy. This denial led some to think that he might have done it; but it was said that nothing that he said was to be regarded at all.

They finally agreed to go and view the ruins of the nest. When they got there, they saw something black on the top of the stump; and when they came near, a black

snake raised his head out of the hole, and slid off from the stump, and began to make his escape. The boys made a rush after him, and soon killed him.

It was plain now who had done the deed. The snake had killed and eaten the birds, and had now come to look for more.



THE JACK-O'-LANTERN.

"PAPA," said Henry, "what use do you intend to make of this pumpkin?"

"I don't think I shall make any use of it."

"Well, sir, may I have it then?"

"If you please."

"Thank you, sir;" and he seized his prize, and with difficulty carried it to the house. The pumpkin was large, and the stem was broken off, so that there was no handle to it; and Henry was not very strong, for he was only seven years of age.

A pumpkin-seed was by some means dropped in the flower-border in the garden, and came up and began to run. As if conscious that it had no business among flowers, it stole off towards the grass which grew near the border; and when it reached the grass, I suppose it felt itself safe, for it

sent out several branches, and blossomed. In due time a large pumpkin was formed. By and by, in weeding the border, the vine was cut off at the root. The gardener took hold of it, and pulled it out of the grass, and the pumpkin along with it. The pumpkin was fully grown, but had not yet ripened. He threw the vine on the compost heap and left the pumpkin on the gravel walk. There it remained for some days; and in the mean time it grew yellow, till at last it looked like a perfectly ripe one.

Henry watched it with interest. He wished to make a Jack-o'-lantern of it. But it was the only one in the garden, and he knew his father was fond of pumpkin pies, so he would not ask for it. He felt very sure, however, that, if he should tell his father how much he wanted it, he would give it to him. It was right that he should use consideration, and prefer the comfort of his parents to the gratification of his own wishes. It is the way to be happy.

Henry enjoyed the possession of the pumpkin much more now he felt assured

that his father did not wish for it. He prepared to make his Jack-o'-lantern. He got a knife, and cut off the top, and scraped out all the inside, and made a hole in the bottom to put a candle in, and another in the top to let the smoke out. He then cut out, on the several sides of the pumpkin, the outlines of three faces, with their eyes, and noses, and teeth.

He got very tired before he got through, and was tempted to stop; but he thought the best way was, when one has begun a thing, to persevere till it is finished. So he finished it, but it took him nearly all day.

He then waited patiently for it to get quite dark before he lighted it up. Some boys would have been so impatient to see how it looked, that they would have lighted it as soon as it began to grow dusk. But Henry resolved that he would wait till the time came in which it could be done to the best advantage.

When it was quite dark, he lighted it, and set it upon the fence, so that those passing by might see it.

It certainly presented a singular appear-

ance. It looked like a great head with three fiery faces. One man came along and said, "O, what is that?"

Henry was near, and enjoyed his surprise very much. He was wondering what the next person that came along would say, when, alas! his Jack-o'-lantern fell from its place to the ground. It was broken in pieces, and the light was extinguished. The labor of a day was destroyed in a second, and all his anticipated pleasure was at an end.

What did he do? Did he cry, and throw himself on the ground, and roll over, and blame the fence, and do other such like silly things, which I have seen silly children do? No. He examined the pumpkin, and finding it broken beyond repair, he threw the fragments into the street, and went and told his father what had happened. His lip quivered a little as he told of his disappointment, but he resolved he would not cry and make a fuss about it.

His father said, "My son, I am sorry for your misfortune, but glad to see you bear it like a man."

“What shall I do for amusement, till it is time to go to bed, sir?”

“I think I would take my slate and draw pictures.”

“Well, sir, I think I will.” And he went cheerfully to look for his slate. Like a great many other boys, he did not have a place for every thing, but left his things about here and there; so that when he wanted an article, he was often obliged to spend a good deal of time in looking for it, and sometimes to call in the aid of his friends; and, what was worse, he sometimes lost his patience in finding his things.

Reader, what do you think of Henry's day's work? Methinks I hear one answer, “I don't think much of it. He worked all day for one minute's pleasure; he lost his labor.”

Now, I do not think so. I do not think he lost his day's work. It was useful in aiding him to form the habit of perseverance — of finishing what he began. This is a very important habit. Some boys never finish what they begin. They never do what they undertake to do. They give

up when they meet with difficulties or get tired.

When they grow up to be men, the habit continues. They are never to be depended upon. You can never be sure that they will accomplish what they undertake.

Again, it was useful by aiding him in forming the habit of bearing disappointments manfully. Some boys can never bear to be disappointed. If they have a plan laid out, and it fails, they cannot be happy in doing something else. Now, this is a world of disappointment, and one of the most useful lessons that we can learn is, to bear disappointment without complaint and without unhappiness.



THE FOUNTAIN.

IN a small beech grove which grew just behind Mr. Benton's garden, there was a fountain of clear, sparkling water, which gushed forth from beneath a rock, and formed a beautiful rivulet, whose waters hastened on their bright way to join a large brook, and so on to the river and the sea. The little fishes found their way into it, and a colony of them lived in the rocky basin into which the water poured from the rock.

Charles and Mary were accustomed to play in the grove in the summer, and they spent many pleasant hours there. At first, Charles was afraid of the bears; but his sister soon convinced him of the folly of his fears.

Mary was a year or two older than her brother, and she acted as his guardian and instructor. And it must be said, to the

credit of the little fellow, that he always paid great regard to what she said. Happily, her influence was of the right kind.

When Mary and Charles were weary of walking or running through the grove, they would sit down by the fountain and watch the little fishes swimming about : then they would gaze upon the reflection of the blue sky, and bright clouds, and green trees, in the water, for the water was so clear that it gave back the images of objects almost as perfectly as a looking-glass.

Sometimes, when Charles was asleep or otherwise engaged, Mary would go to the fountain alone, and sit down on a stone that was overgrown with soft green moss, and enjoy her thoughts in silence.

What did she think about? Does any one say, "What matters it what a child is thinking about?" I answer, it is a great matter. On the kind of thoughts which are cherished in childhood and youth depends the character of the man or woman. I will give some of Mary's thoughts on one of the occasions above alluded to.

One day, she sat on the moss stone and

gazed on the fountain. Her course of thought was something like this: "The fountain is always clear—it is never muddy. It always has the same clear face. True, it is brighter in sunshiny than in cloudy weather; but it is never muddy. Now the Lord made it and placed it here, and it ought to remind me that I should keep my temper even and my face bright. I must always be sincere, so that people can see through me. I'll try to be like the fountain. When I am out of sorts and ill-natured, I will think of the fountain, and it will help me to get clear and calm." She dwelt for some time on the pleasant idea of resembling the beautiful fountain, and set in order many resolutions to this effect. Then she thought of her many broken resolutions, and remembered her weakness, and she kneeled down, (having first looked round to see if there were any persons in the grove,) and prayed for strength to keep her resolutions so far as they were right in the sight of God.

As she resumed her seat, she saw that her mother was near her, but her eyes were

bent on the ground, so that she might not appear to notice Mary's act of devotion. Charles was a little way behind her.

"Now, sister, why did you come without me?" said Charles, in rather a complaining tone.

"Because you were asleep," said Mary.

"You staid so long alone, that I began to think it was time to look after you," said her mother. "How have you employed yourself all this while?"

"O, I have had such a nice time, thinking all alone."

"What have you been thinking about?"

Mary told her what had passed through her mind. The mother was delighted to know that her daughter was thus early disposed to heed the lessons which God designed nature should teach.

At this moment a breeze ruffled the surface of the basin, and again it was perfectly smooth. "Did you notice, dear, how soon the smoothness returned to the ruffled water?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can you not derive a lesson from it?"

“I don’t know” — and after thinking a moment — “yes, ma’am. If we can’t help being disturbed in our minds by some things, we should become calm again as soon as possible.”

“That is a good thought ; but you must guard against the idea that the disturbances of passion are as unvoidable as the ruffling of the water by the wind.”

“We can’t help some things happening any more than we can keep the wind from blowing.”

“True ; but we can prevent their awakening passion in our bosoms.”

“We can’t help our feelings at all times, can we ? ”

“We can in a great measure ; and, by prayer and painstaking, we can acquire that power over our feelings which shall enable us at all times ‘to possess our souls in patience.’ You have had a great many pleasant hours beside this fountain ; have you been thankful for them ? ”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Have you, Charles ? ”

“Yes, ma’am. One night, I and Mary

were telling over what we had to be thankful to the good Lord for, and I named the spring."

"That was right, my boy."

"And I have thanked the good Lord for the fishes in the spring."

Charles was disposed to go on and enumerate more of what he thought his good deeds; but, as his mother did not need proof that young folks can be self-righteous as well as old ones, she checked him, and continued her conversation with Mary.

"You have had a great many pleasant thoughts connected with this spot."

"Yes, mother: sometimes I sit down here alone, and try to make it seem as though Eliza was sitting here with me, as she used to do."

Eliza was an older sister, who had gone to heaven a year before. Her mother made no reply to her remark.

"I often think, while I am sitting here, of the hymn Eliza used to love so well, 'There is a fountain filled with blood;'" and she repeated the hymn with a propriety and pathos that would lead one to hope that

her soul had been cleansed in that fountain.

“Mother, let me sing it,” said Mary.

Her mother was too much affected by the sad, sweet thought that filled her mind, to speak. She shook her head: after a moment’s pause, she bent over and kissed Mary, whispering, “Sing it, dear.”

Mary, with a clear, sweet voice, sang the hymn, her little brother joining with her except in a few of the highest notes.

After the hymn was finished, they sat in silence for a little time, and then returned, sad, but not sorrowful, to their dwelling.

THE END.







